Behind Me in the Mirror

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/27926227.

Rating:	Not Rated
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationship:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Hannibal Lecter, Will Graham
Additional Tags:	Alpha/Beta/Omega Dynamics, Alpha/Omega, Non-Traditional Alpha/Beta/Omega Dynamics, Alpha Hannibal Lecter, Omega Will Graham, Dark Will Graham, Bottom Will Graham, Power Bottom Will Graham, Mildly Dubious Consent, (In that Will is postictal during a sex scene), Murder, Canon-Typical Violence, Blood, Blood and Gore, Serial Killers, Will Graham Has Encephalitis, Will Graham is a Cannibal, Possessive Hannibal Lecter, Seizures
Language:	English
Series:	Part 2 of The Wolf of Virginia
Stats:	Published: 2020-12-07 Updated: 2020-12-31 Words: 4,456 Chapters: 2/4

Behind Me in the Mirror

by gapsinthedays

Summary

Hannibal finally knows Will- and he knows he's sick.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

Chapter 1

It becomes a ritual for them. The night of Will's appointments, they meet up once more in Hannibal's home, prey already caught on the table and ready for Will's violent outrage to tear them to pieces. The news says that the Wolf of Virginia has been active outside the kills the FBI has confirmed to be a co-authorship between the two most prolific serial killers on the west coast. It's a lot to be killing, by Hannibal's standards, even without Will's extracurriculars.

"Speed often holds hands with sloppiness," He tells Will over a meal of roasted thigh. Their victim this week is still alive, and whimpering on the dining room table while they eat on newly purchased barstools at the counter. Hannibal hates their very idea, but Will had suggested this, and had seemed so excited at what he could do to their kills if kept alive through the meal, and Hannibal is powerless to say no to him. "You should settle down before you get yourself, and by extension, me, caught because you lost your head."

"I'm perfectly in control," Will argues.

His voice falters, though, and the sick tinge to his scent strengthens in the air for just a moment. Sure signs he is not. Hannibal raises an eyebrow, a quiet but clear challenge, until Will lowers his chin and looks to the side.

"I don't remember all of the kills they say I did. Not recently."

"Do you remember any of them?"

Will pushes his food around his plate, something uncharacteristic of his usual ravenous appetite for their kills. He looks gaunt. His cheekbones appear to have sunken in more in the weeks they've been doing this, and his eyes- though bright- look colder. Evidently, he really is sick. Whatever it is, it's getting worse. Will is getting worse.

"Some. Others I find out through the press, or because there's blood under my nails."

Finally he takes a bite, but he shudders doing it, and his lashes flutter in indecision. Hannibal worries, for a moment, that it's his cooking, but then Will leans to the side and spits it out onto the floor. It's rude, but it's also Will, for whom Hannibal always makes exceptions. His first thought is not disdain for the behavior. It's concern. As much as Will likes to flaunt norms, he wouldn't spit something onto the floor just to see what happens, or because he doesn't know better. In sum, this was not a chosen behavior.

"Are you alright?"

Will wrinkles his nose and draws his knees up to his chest, curling his body in the hardback chair. "It tastes like blood."

"I thought you were fond."

“I am. I am, it’s just-” He rummages through his mind for the words, eyes unfocused in his search. “I don’t think my mind and my body are friends anymore.”

He doesn’t touch his meal again, so Hannibal- trying to provide, to be a good Alpha- makes him a grilled cheese and replaces the decadent meal with it. Will smiles up at him, not reaching his eyes, and dutifully eats half before pushing it away and returning his gaze to the man still weakly struggling. He licks his lips.

“Do you still have taste for it raw?” Hannibal asks.

“No, but I want to watch him suffer.”

Hannibal ruffles his hair, even when Will bats away his hand. “As you wish, sweet Omega.”

The title still makes Will wrinkle his nose, but he no longer protests it as Hannibal picks up his scalpel and opens the man’s chest, ignorant of sloppy, dizzy pleas that get quieter and quieter. He harvests. Kidneys, another thigh, meat from the shoulder. He saves the lungs, calling out to be consumed, for last in order to prolong the agony and please Will. Most things he does nowadays are too that end.

What distracts him, when he turns to ensure Will is looking at him, is the blank look in his eyes suggesting he isn’t watching the show.

“One moment,” Hannibal tells the nearly-unconscious victim, and sets down his scalpel to go to Will. He discards his bloody gloves along the way.

When he kneels in front of Will, he cups his face and gently says his name, trying to get his attention. Touching him, he’s able to feel the faint tremors in Will’s face, his head moving and his cheeks twitching. It’s a seizure of some sort, he thinks, and carefully pulls Will’s chair away from the table so he doesn’t fall and hit his head on it.

There’s nothing he can really do to help Will at the moment, and yet, he can’t bring himself to leave his side. He just sits there. He holds him. He sits with him until Will’s head dips to the side a little and he blinks several times in quick succession.

“Alpha?” he manages. He sounds drunk. “I don’t…”

“It’s alright.” Hannibal strokes his hair, notes how warm his face is. “I believe you’ve had a mild seizure. You should rest.”

“Seizure,” Will repeats.

Hannibal moves to pick him up and carry him to bed. “Yes, a seizure.”

“Don’t touch me.”

He stumbles out of his seat and rubs his eyes. Will is pale and unsteady, but there is still fire in him despite his own confusion.

“I didn’t say you could touch me.”

“I was trying to help you-”

“No.”

He braces a hand on the table and looks so sick, so lost, so… small. This hardly feels like the man who put a hand on Hannibal’s throat, but even sick he is deadly. He has been killing in these postictal phases. That’s his missing memory. Right now, Will could kill him, and Hannibal-

He thinks he might let him.

Nonetheless, he holds his hands out in front of him and tilts his head to submissively bare his throat- a gesture intended to appease. Will seems somewhat alright with it, and doesn’t lunge for Hannibal, an Alpha who has become his latest prey. He doesn’t plead for his life, nor sink so low as to imply it, but simply waits for Will to decide whether or not he intends to be violent in answer.

It takes a moment, but Will sits back down and rubs his eyes again. “My head is pounding. Do you have aspirin?”

“Let me get you something stronger.”

Hannibal resists the urge to kiss Will’s forehead as he passes by, headed to his office for a stronger medication. It was easy to keep on hand, and more than adequate at helping sedate victims thrashing in pain. This will do better to ease the pain. He puts a single pill in his hand and returns, moving Will’s untouched wine glass away. Alcohol and opioids are not a good combination, especially for someone already unwell. He fetches water instead, and smiles when Will accepts both offerings without fight. His still dilated eyes fix on their victim, even though he makes no move toward him.

“He’s still alive,” Hannibal clarifies, “at least for a few minutes more. I was going to finish with his lungs.”

“Let me.”

It is impossible to resist. Hannibal steps out of the way for Will to unsteadily approach their prey, plunging his hand into the open chest cavity like one might reach into a drawer of miscellaneous items. It’s a searching touch. He pulls on something, gruesome in the tug at what Hannibal recognizes as intestines. This is not the way the Wolf of Virginia kills.

As though Will can hear Hannibal’s thoughts, he sinks his teeth into the flesh. It should not be beautiful, but it is, especially when it leads to a frenzy. With his mouth alone, Will destroys this man, eats his raw meat and spits blood on the floor. It will be a pain to clean. Hannibal won’t mind the hours on his hands and knees with bleach when it means he gets to see Will without any inhibitions. Will is not beholden to social expectations or his suppression of his own desires out of some form of social grace, even in murder. He is free. Hannibal loves him this way.

By the time he is finished, Will has decimated the corpse, and Hannibal is desperate to touch him. He knows better than to reach out without permission, however, and waits for Will to come to him, soaked and messy and with faraway eyes. As much as he is a threat, he is vulnerable right now, and it feels precious that Hannibal might see him this way.

“Will, darling Omega,” he murmurs, in his closest approximation to a purr. “You need a bath and rest.”

“Tell me where to go.”

Hannibal knows better than to offer help, though he allows himself to guide Will with a soft touch to the small of his back and give him the softest towels in the house. He turns on the water and feels its temperature on the soft skin inside his wrist. When its warm enough, he makes to leave, only for Will to take his wrist and look up at him with eyes made so much brighter by the contrast of the blood on his face.

“Stay.”

He leans against the counter and watches Will slowly strip, then lower himself into the hot bath and avoid plugging the drain. Hannibal hadn’t done so because he wanted Will to choose the scent he wanted for the bubbles, but it becomes clear Will doesn’t want to stew in his own filth. He scrubs at the blood on his body with clumsy bare hands until Hannibal offers him a washcloth, and then uses the tap to wet and rinse the cloth as he slowly bathes himself. It doesn’t take very long, but Will shivers by the time he stands up and reaches for a towel to wrap around himself.

“Can I borrow something?” he asks.

Hannibal leads him next to the bedroom, and helps him into soft briefs and silk pajama bottoms, a little large on his slim frame but comfortable based on the way Will’s eyelashes flutter and he balls the fabric in a fist.

“I don’t remember.” They sit on Hannibal’s bed together, just close enough for their knees to touch. It is chaste in comparison to all that they’ve done. “I don’t think I’ll remember this either.”

“You should see a doctor.”

He shakes his head, his drying curls bouncing slightly with the motion. “I don’t like people in my head, Dr. Lecter.”

“If you’re having seizures, I think someone ought to be.”

With a huff, Will slips into Hannibal’s lap and kisses him with fevered lips, effectively ending the conversation. He’s finally submissive, out of nowhere, letting Hannibal feel him up and claim his lips in a kiss. It feels good to control him. But it also feels wrong. He goes with it, though, happily nosing against the scent glands at Will’s jaw and enjoying the heavy aroma of his arousal, even through the fog of sick.

“Beautiful.”

Will smiles against his lips and bares his throat slightly, sighing when Hannibal peppers the vulnerable, pale skin with kisses. He could hurt Will right now, but he doesn’t want to. He wants to worship him. And as he lays Will’s pliant body out on the bed, intent on doing so, he realizes how completely wrapped around Will’s little finger he’s become.

It is a lovely position to be in.

“Alpha, your mouth…” Will doesn’t beg, but the plea is still in the words. “Now, please.”

Without a second thought, Hannibal gives him exactly what he wants, leaving kisses on his journey to pull down the freshly donned pajama pants and wrap his lips around Will’s cocklet. Evidently, by his squirming, he’s more sensitive there than Hannibal had initially believed. Of course he still puts in every ounce of effort he has in his body to make Will feel good, hooking one of Will’s long legs over his shoulder to get a better angle. Will comes with a whine in his mouth, and sighs as Hannibal swallows and wipes his mouth.

In moments, his eyes flutter shut, and his breathing evens out to sleep. While it feels like a remarkable show of trust, Hannibal is smart enough to recognize it as an addled brain seeking out comfort from a familiar Alpha. On some level, at least, it does mean that Will trusts him to take care of him when it’s too hard to take care of himself.

Hannibal leaves him to rest in bed while he cleans up. He bags up the unsalvageable remains to dispose of later, and kneels on the tile with a bucket of diluted bleach and a scrubbing brush. This is irritating, but not impossible.

He contemplates Will as he cleans the mess. Many others would be overjoyed by the sudden shift in behavior, but he misses the weight of Will’s control over him. Come tomorrow, it should return. Still, in spite of Will’s denial of wanting medical attention, Hannibal messages an old friend to pull some strings and get a brain scan for the next day. He can only hope Will sees the sense in it, while being all too aware of the unlikelihood of getting Will to do anything the Omega doesn’t crave.

Chapter 2

Will is himself enough again to feel viciously angry when he wakes up in Hannibal's bed. He gripes about being messy, complains about Hannibal's sheets, whines about the lack of last night's clarity. He remembers something happened, just not *what it was* , which makes for a very upset and irritated Omega pushing away from Hannibal angrily.

"What did you do?"

He must tread lightly. Hannibal tilts his head in submission, which seems to appease Will slightly. "You had a seizure. Do you remember that?"

"No." He presses his hands against his eyes. "The last thing I remember is you making me a grilled cheese."

Hannibal carefully fills him in, not leaving out the exploits of their evening because he wants Will to know the truth, even when it makes Hannibal seem like a creep for doing something when Will might not have had the wherewithal to make the decisions he did. Regardless, Will seems soothed by knowing what fills the gaps in his memories, and settles into the luxurious sheets once more. He tucks himself against Hannibal's side and noses at his jaw.

"Cook breakfast for me?" he asks sweetly.

Hannibal wants to, but he remembers the night before, and offers a slight smile. "Are you going to eat it this time?"

Suddenly, Will's hand is on his throat. He doesn't choke him, but he does stare at him with those piercing blue eyes and makes his grip known. "Cook breakfast for me."

He nods, but Will squeezes in answer and the blood in Hannibal's body rushes down. Fuck. He likes this more than he should, especially as an Alpha, but he can't find it in himself to care about that when he has Will this close to him, smirking at him, owning him. He wants to belong to Will so completely that it scares him.

"Of course," he breathes.

Will lets go of him and stretches out lazily in bed, baring his neck in the process in a way that screams for Hannibal to bite him in a rough claim. However, he knows much better than this, and simply admires the pale skin waiting to be marked until Will shoos him away to make breakfast.

The instruction to bring breakfast back is clear, so Hannibal listens, even if it feels lonely to cook for Will by himself when he's used to a companion at the dinner table. He has a body to dispose of today, he remembers, but that can wait until he's finished with Will for the day.

He doesn't spend too long on the food, knowing what awaits him upstairs. He cooks the kidneys carefully and makes a breakfast scramble, carefully seasoning and cutting and

sauteing to make everything perfect for Will. He will provide for his Omega, though he recognizes in the back of his mind that cooking is stereotypically the Omega's job rather than the Alpha's. He loves to cook, but still- this is another subversion of the roles Will loves to play at and dominate Hannibal with.

In the end, it takes around half an hour before he carries two plates back to his bedroom and hands one to Will, balancing the other carefully as he slips back into bed. Will leans against him as he begins to eat, humming in pleasure at the taste. It's close to a purr, but not quite. Eventually, Hannibal will draw that from him with nothing more than his cooking.

"It's good," Will says, and takes another bite.

"I'm glad you like it."

Hannibal chooses the moment to bring up the elephant in the room.

"You need to see a doctor about your seizure, Will. That isn't normal."

Will gives him an irritated, stern look. "I don't want doctors poking at me."

"So you said, but you do need to be seen by someone for this."

"No."

Will whines petulantly and pushes his breakfast around its plate a little before taking another bite. He seems like he'll eat, at least. Still, Hannibal knows he does need to get Will to a doctor. Were they mates, he could force the matter, but there's a part of him that can't imagine ever getting Will to do something he doesn't want to, let alone trying. Will is more than capable of deciding from himself, and aggressive about those freedoms to the point beyond what even some Alphas would behave. Hannibal touches his own throat, remembering Will's bony fingers wrapped tightly around it.

"If you have another," Hannibal plies. "Then, will you go?"

"I'll think about it."

It might as well be a no, but it isn't one outright. The door has been cracked, and so Hannibal lets it go for now and gazes at Will's beauty while they eat. He's more delicate with a fork and knife. A vision flashes behind Hannibal's eyes of Will cutting into a live victim with a serrated steak knife, politely taking his meal despite the blood and screams. That would be beautiful. But it isn't him, and Hannibal likes the way Will becomes feral anyways.

He revels in Will's appreciation of his cooking for now, and clears their plates afterward to prevent mess when they slip back between the sheets. Will looks beautiful in them, as he does everything else, shimmying out of his pajama pants to leave him naked and inviting.

"You're so beautiful," Hannibal says aloud. He doesn't know that he has before. "You have to know that."

"I know some people think so," is all Will gives him in response.

But he parts his lips greedily when Hannibal kisses him, and positions them so that he can be on top and dominate the kiss as easily as he does Hannibal's body and heart.

Like most times, Will takes his throat in hand and squeezes the fragile place, smug at Hannibal's hips raising off the bed and his lashes fluttering.

"My Alpha," he murmurs. "You are mine, right, Hannibal?"

"Of course."

"And you listen to me."

"Always."

"You trust me to take care of myself."

"Yes."

"Then why" -he tightens his grip now- "do you insist on me seeing a doctor when I don't want to?"

"Because I love you too much to watch you suffer."

Will leans back on his haunches, keeping his hand on Hannibal's neck, and blinks at him. Ah. Hannibal said love. That can feel like too much, too fast, but he's more certain of it now than ever, after bringing the words to the morning light.

"If I asked you to, how far would you go for me?"

Hannibal places his hand over Will's. "To the ends of the Earth, and then some. I would do anything you asked for the pleasure of laying my eyes on you. I would die and kill for you. I would give up everything if it meant your affection, and I adore you for your spiteful refusal to submit to anyone."

"If I asked you to get rid of someone for me?"

"In a heartbeat, sweet Omega."

A purr is Will's immediate answer, but the gleam in his eye suggests he has someone he wants gone, but can't or won't take care of himself. The Wolf of Virginia has some self control, after all.

Hannibal means it when he says he will do it, even if it's someone as messy to kill as Jack Crawford, or as inedible as Mason Verger. He dwells on the thought of presenting a body for Will on their kitchen table before returning his attention, finally, to the weight of Will on his crotch, beginning to rock a little in his desire.

"Can I?"

Will considers his request for a moment before using his free hand to guide Hannibal's cock into himself and sink down slowly. It feels like heaven each time, but more than that, Will is mouthy today and desperate for control. He growls promises of the filthiest magnitude, promising to make Hannibal his.

"A metal chain," he says as he fucks himself on Hannibal's dick, using him like a toy. "Something I wouldn't ever subject to even my dogs. It'll bruise you up so pretty, Alpha, and everyone will know I own you."

It could just be dirty talk, but fuck does Hannibal want that. He nods and sets his hands gently on Will's waist, just feeling the lovely divot of his hips and committing the softness of his skin to memory, a perfect thing to revisit whenever he finds himself longing for Will's touch.

"You want me to own you?"

"Yes," Hannibal breathes. "Yes, sweet Omega, yes."

He dares to lift his hips up and give Will that extra push he needs, grateful not to be chastised as his movements bring them both closer to completion. Will's eyes roll back in his head and he whines, touching himself as he frantically chases his orgasm.

"Mark me."

Will whines and does so, coming all over Hannibal's chest and undoubtedly marking him with scent so everyone will know Hannibal has an Omega. A mate. His inner Alpha purrs, but before he can truly enjoy it, Will goes tighter around him and his pupils contract. His body begins to tremble. It feels strange but not unpleasant around Hannibal's swelling knot, but he's more concerned with the fact that Will is having another seizure. He can't pull out- not without hurting Will- so he lays the both of them down and makes sure Will doesn't hurt himself, mentally timing the seizure as he waits. Much to his embarrassment, it's during this that he finally comes, and he's helpless against the little twitches of his hips as he rides it out.

It lasts around forty seconds before the seizing ends and Will sags into Hannibal's arms.

He'll have to go to the hospital today; Hannibal can't sit by idly and let Will refuse medical attention for a clearly serious illness. In fact, he waits for his knot to go down and then picks up Will, disoriented and sleepy, to bring him straight to the hospital. He'll catch hell for it later, he knows. But this is worth it.

There is a certain heady power to this, however. He basks in it for as long as it lasts, answering questions about Will's condition and whether he hit his head, being regarded publicly as someone who owns Will even if it's very much no reflection of reality. In fact the truth is the opposite. Hannibal's hand subconsciously finds his throat.

Will begins to return to his senses in the emergency room while Hannibal talks with a doctor. At first confused, then upset, arguing in confused words with a nurse while trying to remove his heart rate monitor. Hannibal immediately goes to soothe him, unsurprised by Will's hostility and refusal to listen to him.

“I told you I didn’t want to come to the hospital,” he growls, or at least tries- he will never be capable of matching an Alpha’s growl. “I hate you. I’m gonna kill you.”

No one takes the threat seriously, aside from Hannibal, who knows Will could and would follow through on the threat when he’s well enough. He swallows, but otherwise schools his reactions so as not to reveal anything untoward while the staff try to calm Will down. A nurse takes advantage of Will’s distracted anger to inject him with something calming- likely an anti anxiety drug. In moments, Will settles back into the bed. He’ll be even angrier later.

In the meanwhile, they take him for scans, which Hannibal is allowed to look over with the doctors given his official status as one of Will’s doctors. The EEG shows relatively normal activity, given the circumstances, so their next step is ann MRI for tumors- not helpful, aside from showing a slight swelling- and finally a CT with contrast, one that shows half of Will’s brain to be heavily inflamed. Poor thing. That’s why he’s smelled so sick. The only thing confusing to Hannibal is the lack of symptoms that he’s noticed. Will has, of course, complained of headaches, but no other positive symptoms like hallucinations or disruption of senses. He had no negative symptoms that Hannibal can think of at all. Will must have been hiding them, burying them in company and letting himself feel the confusion and delirium while on his own. Hannibal will have to ask Jack whether he’s noticed Will behaving strangely. Or, at least, more strangely than usual.

“We’ll need to admit your Omega,” the doctor tells him. “For at least a few days.”

Will isn’t going to like it, but Hannibal is the one in control now, and so he agrees and sends a message to Jack to let him know Will is out of commission. There’s a part of him that didn’t want to tell Jack at all, but he knows that his sweet Omega would, and Hannibal has to do that for him right now.

“We’ll start him on antibiotics and keep an eye on him. We’re lucky we caught it before it got much worse.”

Hannibal nods and sits at a calm, slightly faded Will’s bedside. He still smells sick, but it’s overwhelmed by his distress and the antiseptic of the hospital. When Hannibal reaches over to comfort him, Will turns his face and bares his teeth. Angry.

“Will, I was only trying to help you,” he reminds.

“I didn’t want this.”

He nips when Hannibal tries to touch him again, making it clear that he won’t be comforted.

End Notes

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